

MEMORIES  
of  
AMBULANCE COMPANY 321,  
306 SANITARY TRAIN,  
81st, DIVISION  
A.E.F.

Charlie Lawrence was the captain's name:  
He called for volunteers and in they came.  
"Here am I" said a hundred or more,  
Thus the thirty first Ambulance Corps.

On the twenty sixth of June nineteen seventeen,  
We raised our hands, and swore to stand between  
Kaiser Bill's gang and the Red White and Blue,  
And do our duty till the thing was through.

July the twenty fifth of the same year,  
The Captain called the roll and we all said "Here",  
Except Bishop, who arrived a little late:  
With his sweet patootie he had just had a date.

Captain says "Boys the time's come to go,  
The train is at the station, the whistle's going to blow."  
So we fell in line and marched two by two,  
Boarded the train and away we flew.

Everything went fine except a few growls from Ned,  
G. Greeman lost his pajamas and couldn't go to bed.  
Jack Stone was excited, so was Conrad,  
In a crap game Nub took what we had.

Jim Adams told us all just what to do,  
He'd been on the Border and of course he knew  
How a rookie should act when he got to camp  
To save his hide an a single lamp.

T'was at Ft. Oglethorpe that we landed  
Where all the roads had to be sanded,  
Some guy yelled "No use to raise a row,  
'You're not on the farm, you are in the Army now.

We drilled for six weeks in civilian clothes,  
We had blisters on our feet and knots on our toes;  
Polly said the cooking was not like Mamma's:  
Nick stood retreat in nothing but pajamas.

Every day was just about the same:  
Fall in, fall out, sign your name:  
Get ready for inspection, shirts up high:  
Right hand salute, look'em in the eye.